

A Coppy of Verses writt in a *Common-Prayer-Book*, Presented to a Lady in 1644. Upon her building a *Closet* for her Books.

Since it has lately pleas'd our new born State
 The *Common-Prayer-Book* t'excommunicate,
 To turn it out of all: as if it were
 Some grand *Malignant*, or some *Cavalier*:
 Since in our *Churches* 'tis by them Forbid
 To say such *Prayrs* as our *Forefathers* did;
 So that *God's House* must now be call'd no more
 The *House of Pray'r*, tho' 'ere so call'd before:
 As if these Christians were resolv'd to use
 That *House* for *Merchandize*, or *Publick Stews*;
 Worse than their *Ancestors* the *Stiffneck'd Jews*.
 Since That of *Pray'r* 's of *Christ* may now be said,
 It wants a *Place* whereon to lay it's Head;
 I can't but choose t'admire your Pious Care
 To build your *Closet* for distressed *Pray'r*:
 Which here in Mourning Clad presents it self,
 Begging some little *Corner* on your *Shelf*:
 For since 'tis Banish'd from all *Publick view*,
 There's none dares Entertain'e't but such as you.

How times and Men are chang'd! who wou'd have thought
 To've seen Our *Service-Book* thus set at nought?
 A Book worth Gold if rightly understood,
 Compos'd by *Martyrs*, sealed with their *Blood*;
 Once burn't by *Papists* for no other Cause,
 But that it was *Repugnant* to their *Laws*;
 Now by the *Zealots* 'tis Condemn'd to dye,
 Because forsooth they think it *Popery*.
 Thus then we see the Golden mean despis'd,
 And how 'twixt *Thieves* like *Christ* 'tis *Crucify'd*.
 Yet Cease to wonder: we see stranger things.
Kings are the *Subjects*, and the *Subjects Kings*.
 The Meanest sort Alas! Usurp their Pow'r;
 And th' *upper House* is now beneath the *Low'r*,
 The head beneath the Feet; they wear the *Crown*,
 And thus we see the World turn'd upside down.
 Now Learning do's give place to Ignorance,
 And Statute Laws to each wild Ordinance,
Religion to *Prophane rites*, vain glory
 The *Common-Pray'r-Book*, t' a *Directory*.
 No Man dares Preach against Rebellion now;
 Nor can we pray as we were won't to doe.
 All things are in disorder, and I fear
 Are like to be, till we be as we were.
 Till *Kings* be *Kings* once more, and till we see
 The Church Enjoy her Antient Liberty.
 Till Bishops to Return, to end this stirr
 'Twixt th' *Independent* and the *Presbyter*.
 Till Loyalty be had in more Regard,
 And till Rebellion have it's just Reward.
 And that these times shall come we'll not despair.
 For this and more may be obtain'd by *Pray'r*.